

A BRIEF RECORD OF
THE ARMY LIFE OF
CHARLES B. AMORY

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Chas B. Amory

A BRIEF RECORD
of the
ARMY LIFE
of
CHARLES B. AMORY

Written for
His Children

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THE Presidential Campaign of 1860 was a most exciting one. The people of the South were very much afraid that if the Republican Party was successful in electing Mr. Lincoln, the institution of slavery would be in great danger, and their leading men openly declared in case he was elected, the Slave States would secede from the Union and war must be the result.

When the election took place and Lincoln was made President, people prepared for war and the young men of the North began joining militia companies and learning the duties of soldiers. I joined the New England Guard Battalion, as in this organization were many of my friends.

In the Spring of 1861, the Battalion, under command of Maj. Thos. G. Stevenson, was ordered to garrison Fort Independence in Boston Harbor and I went with it. The command was at the

Fort for about a month and during that time we were subjected to the severest military discipline, and when we returned to Boston and marched up State Street, people declared we were the best drilled body of militia that ever paraded through Boston's streets. Almost every man of this command became a commissioned officer early in the War of the Rebellion. I myself was commissioned by Governor Andrew as 1st Lieutenant in Co. F (Capt. Robert F. Clark) of the 24th Massachusetts Volunteers, on the 2d of September, 1861. The Colonel of the 24th was Thos. G. Stevenson, the former Major of the New England Guard Battalion, a born soldier, and a splendid specimen of a man in every way. The line officers of the regiment were selected by him and were mostly members of the 4th Battalion. We went into camp at Readville, some ten miles south of Boston, about the middle of September; and during the next three months the officers were engaged in recruiting the regiment and drilling the recruits. Our ranks were completed by the 1st of December and on the 9th we were embarked on cars and

began our journey to the seat of war. Our first resting-place was at Annapolis, Maryland, where we found we were to be one of the thirty or more regiments who were to compose General Burnside's expedition. We formed a part of Gen. Jno. G. Foster's Brigade, the other regiments of the brigade being the 23d, 25th and 27th Massachusetts and the 10th Connecticut. The month of January was passed in camp near Annapolis and our time was occupied in drills and reviews and in target practice. Many of our rank and file were green country lads, who had never fired a gun; but they became a finely disciplined body of men and the regiment had the reputation early in the war of being one of the very finest that Massachusetts had sent to the war.

Towards the end of January General Burnside's troops were embarked on transports and after getting well out to sea, our orders were opened, and we then learned that our destination was Roanoke Island, North Carolina, which was then garrisoned by the Confederate troops. We were to pass through Hatteras Inlet into

Albemarle Sound. Before reaching Hatteras we encountered a terrific storm, which disabled many of the transports and made it most uncomfortable for the soldiers, who were crowded in "between decks" of the vessels and suffered much from seasickness. After getting inside the Sound the water was shallow and calm, but the storm had lowered the water so much on the bar that the larger vessels could not proceed, and we were all detained here for more than a week.

Finally, on the 7th of February, we all got over the bar and then proceeded towards Roanoke Island. Our regiment was on the two steamers, *Guide* and *Vidette*, my company being on the latter vessel. As we neared Roanoke, the companies on the *Vidette* were transferred to the *Guide*, but this made the latter vessel draw so much water that when we were about a mile from the Island she grounded and all efforts to get her off were futile. The other troops passed us and landed that night, and sent out their pickets. Early on the morning of the 8th a smaller steamer was sent to us and by making

two or three trips in this, we at last all safely reached the shore. As we were landing we heard the brisk fire of musketry and the slower fire of the cannon, and realized that a battle was on and that we should soon be actors in it. The regiment was soon formed on the beach and then the order was given "Right face, march!" and we marched up the country road in column of fours in the direction of the firing. Soon we met wounded men going to the rear and after this the dead and dying were seen lying where they fell,—this their first and last fight. It was a terrible sight, but not a man flinched; many faces were pale, but there was a look of determination to do or die on all these. Soon we heard the cheers of a charge and in a moment we came in sight of the rebel breastworks and saw our bluecoats going over them.

We marched through these earthworks and halted, when General Foster and staff rode up to our colonel and gave him orders to follow up the retreating rebels. The organization of the other regiments was somewhat destroyed and we rushed after the enemy and went some two miles

before we overtook them at their camp on the east side of the Island.

They sent out a flag of truce and asked for terms of surrender. General Foster sent back word that the terms must be unconditional surrender, which, after a short parley, was accepted and we marched in and took possession of their arms. Some twenty-five hundred of them surrendered to about eight hundred of our regiment and none of the other troops were nearer than two miles at the time.

General Burnside's troops remained on Roanoke Island until the middle of March. Then all but a small force re-embarked on the transports and we soon learned our destination was Newbern. We landed some seventeen miles below the city and marched up to within one thousand yards of a long line of the rebel entrenchments, where we went into bivouac. My company (F) was detailed for picket, and all that night we kept a vigilant watch for the enemy and got no sleep. Early in the morning a squad of the enemy's cavalry came out of their works to reconnoitre and ran right into our pickets

who fired on them and drove them back. Then our whole regiment was ordered to fall in, and with Colonel Stevenson at our head, we marched down the road, filed off to the right into a field, and then came the order, "By the left flank, march!" and we were in line of battle, marching towards the enemy's works, which were soon in sight. We were halted some three hundred yards from their entrenchments at the edge of a wood, and then came the order "Lie down, fire at will, commence firing," and there was a blaze of musketry all along our regimental front, so rapid and so telling that the Confederates did not dare show their heads above their entrenchments, which were only two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards from us. They had a light battery opposite our left wing and these guns fired grape and canister at us, doing considerable damage. The firing continued for two hours and some forty of our men and officers were killed and wounded.

At last Colonel Stevenson gave the order to charge and we sprang to our feet and rushed pell-mell for the enemy's works. They turned

and fled, and we were in possession of their line. The other regiments charged at the same time and we were the conquerors of the field, feeling that inexpressible joy of victory that cannot be realized by those who have never experienced it. We followed the retreating rebels into and through the streets of Newbern, but they ran faster than we did and we made but few prisoners. We occupied their tents that night and a tired lot of soldiers we were, as may well be imagined when one thinks what we had gone through during the preceding forty-eight hours. Many of our men (I was one of the number) were in the hospital with typhoid fever before the end of a week, and there I remained for three weeks, so sick that I never could remember anything that happened during that time. When I was able to get out I was so reduced I could scarcely stand on my feet, but I crawled around our camp for two weeks more, when my strength returned and I went on regular duty. The 24th's next encounter with the Confederates was at Kinston, then Whitehall, then Goldsboro; all three of these battles were Federal successes,

although no great advantage was gained over the enemy. In June of this year (1862) I was commissioned Captain and was given command of Co. I. I was then twenty-one years old. I had as my 1st Lieutenant James A. Perkins, son of William Perkins of Boston. Lieutenant Perkins was a Harvard graduate, a splendid officer and as fine a man in every respect as we had in the regiment. He was afterwards killed at the charge on the rebel rifle-pits in front of Fort Wagner on Morris Island.

In the Autumn of 1862 we went with General Foster's troops to the Department of the South, embarking on transports at Beaufort, and landing at Hilton Head two days later. From here we went to Seabrook Island, which proved to be a very sickly place and half the regiment were taken down with malarial fever; I was among these and again went to the hospital. There I hovered between life and death and when I began to get better and was able to be moved, I was given a leave of absence of thirty days and was put on a transport bound for New York. I had my colored servant with me and

he carried me in his arms from the ship to an ambulance in New York and from the ambulance to the Boston train, and again at Jamaica Plain from cars to depot wagon and from depot wagon to a comfortable bed in my mother's house, overlooking Jamaica Pond. With the loving care of a devoted mother and sisters, I soon commenced to improve, but it was two months before I was sufficiently recovered to go back to the army, remaining in Jamaica Plain during July and August of 1863. During this time occurred the fight at Aldie and the battle of Gettysburg. From the first, my brother-in-law, Capt. L. Manlius Sargent of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, came home, wounded in the breast by a pistol ball, and from the battle of Gettysburg came my brother Will, Captain in the 16th Massachusetts Volunteers, wounded by a case shot which burst over his head and sent one bullet through one hand and another through the other wrist. So that at this time there were in my mother's house two of her sons and one son-in-law, wounded and sick; truly the house was like an army hospital. We all went back to the army. Captain, after-

wards Lieutenant-Colonel Sargent was killed in December, 1864, at Bellfield, Virginia. I was captured in the mine explosion in front of Petersburg, and my older brother Tom, who was colonel of the 17th Massachusetts Volunteers, was stricken with yellow fever at Beaufort, North Carolina, and died in December, 1864. These casualties were terrible blows for my dear mother, and the anxiety for her soldier boys during the four years of the war brought on heart trouble, from which she died in the year 1876. Our veneration and love for our mother was almost like worship; she was everything a mother should be and at the same time a very strong, high and noble character.

After I left my regiment at Seabrook Island, it was ordered with the other troops to Morris Island and our brigade was held in reserve in the first attack on Battery Wagner, where Col. Robert G. Shaw of the 54th Massachusetts was killed and where our forces under General Gilmore were unsuccessful. When I rejoined them, Gilmore had commenced to lay siege to Wagner, and three parallels and a number of covered ways

had been thrown up, and I found the troops hard at work digging trenches. Morris Island was a low sandy island, with scarcely any vegetation on it, except in the swamps, and there only the swamp grass; but it protected the entrance to Charleston Harbor and was of much value to the Confederates for this reason.

One evening towards the last of August, 1863, the 24th was ordered to fall in, in regimental line, with forty rounds of cartridges in our cartridge boxes. The officers were then summoned by the colonel and were told what was expected of the regiment. In front, about one hundred and fifty yards from Wagner and about one hundred yards from our advanced parallel, on a little rising ground, was a line of rebel rifle-pits, from which the enemy greatly annoyed our working parties. These pits our division commander, General Terry, was very desirous of capturing, and he had selected the 24th to make the attempt. The siege guns were to open a furious bombardment on the fort for about an hour and then from a tower in the rear of our works we were to get a certain signal,

upon receiving which we were to rush over our works and charge on the rifle-pits, and turn them by digging into an advanced parallel of our own. All of this we did, as is told by the following letter of a private of the regiment to his friends at home; which letter was dated Aug. 27, 1863, and appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of Sept. 8, 1863, as follows:—

“Perhaps, ere you get this, you may have read in the papers about the charge made by the 24th yesterday afternoon, on the rifle-pits within one hundred yards of Fort Wagner. In these pits were the rebel sharpshooters, about twenty-five yards from our outer siege works, said works having been advanced slowly but surely towards Wagner, driving the sharpshooters as we advanced. These particular pits on which we charged had been tried four or five times, but our forces had been driven back. At one time three regiments tried it. Yesterday afternoon about four o’clock, the 24th was ordered to fall in on the beach as quickly as possible. Many were the conjectures as to where we were going. Some thought on picket, but as we were not told to bring any rations with us, that seemed unlikely. Some thought to charge on Wagner, some one thing and some another. We formed line, extra cartridges were given out, the officers were called to the front and General Stevenson

gave them their orders. An alteration was then made in the regimental line, six men from Company A and our orderly, another sergeant and myself, were put with Company I, Captain Amory. We were then formed in the advance, Company A's men being formed a little way behind us, then the rest of the regiment. Lieutenant Sweet was put in command of Company A, then we were told where we were going. Company I and those of Company A who were in it, were to go forward to our outer works, on the left of the rebel works, and, at the order, charge on the pits. Then Company A was to come up, each man armed with his gun and two shovels, and were to commence shovelling immediately — throw up breastworks — using his musket when necessary, and were to be supported by the rest of the regiment.

“Well, we reached our outer works, our regiment moved off to the right, and Company I, in which I was, went to the left. We lay behind our entrenchments awaiting orders to charge. Captain Amory and Captain Redding of Company A were with us. The former told us to be sure and keep together — to rush forward at top speed, each man to yell at the top of his voice — that it was death to stand still — that the surest way was to keep on and if any man dropped, to let him lay where he fell until the thing was over. That no doubt it might be taken without the loss of a single man, did we advance boldly and

quickly; that the enemy, being taken so suddenly by surprise, would no doubt run — to remember and keep up the honor of the company and regiment. We reconnoitered and found out the direction of the pits from where we were. Soon came the order to fix bayonets and do it noiselessly. We did so and awaited the final word. When the order came, 'Charge! Charge!' I sprang over the parapet and came into view of the enemy's rifle-pits. I made within myself a short, earnest prayer to God to forgive my sins, commended my soul to Him, and rushed forward yelling at the top of my voice. Whiz — whiz — whiz — whiz — whiz — whiz — came the rifle balls all about us. All passed in a moment. We reached the pits; there, sure enough, were the rebels, some running towards Wagner, others running into our lines, willing prisoners, others shot on the ground. We fired after them. A moment after up rushed the remainder of our regiment.

"The shovellers threw down their pieces and fell to work shovelling like mad. We all then formed to support them in line of battle. Then came grape and canister from Wagner all about us. Lieutenant Perkins of Company I and Private Spooner of same company were instantly killed and, as near as I can learn, three more in Company E and some other company were killed and six wounded. Captains Redding and Amory headed the charge of our little detach-

ment and did nobly, in fact so did all our officers and men. The 24th has done a big thing. Colonel Osborne headed the regiment, sword in hand. I can tell you such shovelling as these men did would astonish you. In less than twenty minutes, a breastwork fifteen feet in height was thrown up, then we sat down, gun in hand, keeping men at the top to watch for shells and any force seen approaching.

About 9 P.M. a regiment of colored troops came up and continued our ditch to our works. Soon it commenced to rain; we had been wet through with perspiration, and now, chilled and soaked completely by the drenching storm, we were in a miserable plight. To crown all, Forts Wagner, Johnson and Gregg sent solid shot, shell, grape and canister, shrapnel and rifle balls into us, and some of our own batteries fell short of the mark, and sent their shot and shell about us. It was a terrific scene; a regiment of men sitting in a ditch at night, a thunder storm raging, raining in torrents, and the continual roar of the thunder and explosion of shells, the whistling of solid shot, the horrible shriek of grape and canister all about us, and no one hit, — truly it was wonderful. But God has been merciful. I am uninjured, and not a man of Company A has been struck. After sitting in the parallels until 12 o'clock, the 87th Ohio relieved us, and glad were we to get back to camp."

A month later, plans were made for a night assault on Fort Wagner. We were formed on the beach, our regiment was to charge up the beach and attack the fort from the rear, while other troops were to charge in front. On our march up to take position, we were met by a deserter who told us that the Confederates had been advised of our contemplated attack, and had evacuated the fort, so we marched up and took possession. This gave us Morris Island, but not Charleston, which the enemy held for another year.

Morris Island was another unhealthy place, and all the troops suffered severely from malarial fever. Our regiment and the 10th Connecticut were ordered to St. Augustine, Florida, and my Company (I) and two others garrisoned old Fort Marion for three months. Then an order came from the War Department about re-enlistments. Over fifty men of my company re-enlisted for three years more, and we all went home on a veteran furlough of a month. This was in February, 1864. When the thirty days were up, we went to Gloucester Point, Virginia, where we

were joined by the rest of the regiment, and formed part of General Butler's army, destined for the expedition up the James River.

I was detailed Acting Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of Col. H. M. Plaisted of the 11th Maine, commanding the brigade. The expedition steamed up the James River on transports, and landed at City Point, and afterwards at Bermuda Hundred, where we threw up entrenchments. When everything was ready we marched up to Drewry's Bluff, and after a sharp skirmish captured the advanced works of the enemy.

On the morning of the 16th of May, the rebels came out of their works, and during a dense fog, broke through the right of our line, which was composed of a thin line of cavalry, and forced our right back in some confusion, capturing many of the 27th Massachusetts Regiment.

Our brigade was on the extreme left, and when the right retreated we were ordered back to form a new line. As we were executing this movement, the enemy in our front swarmed over the breastworks and poured volley after volley

into our ranks. Colonel Osborne handled the 24th with great coolness and bravery, faced them about, and poured such showers of bullets into the ranks of the enemy that they turned back and went pell-mell into their works again, and we were not troubled by them any more that day. We retired leisurely to our own works at Bermuda Hundred, which we reached about dusk, well tired out but not demoralized. Our expedition was a failure; we had hoped to take Richmond, but we were doomed to disappointment. Gen. Thos. G. Stevenson, at this time, was commanding a division in the 9th Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, and had succeeded in having me commissioned Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General of Volunteers, and I was to go upon his staff; but, at the battle of Spottsylvania, which took place about the same time as our attack on Drewry's Bluff, he was killed, and I was left without a position. But Gen. W. F. Bartlett, being without an Adjutant-General, applied for me, and I was assigned to his staff. His brigade was in the 9th Corps, and I joined him in June, 1864.

On the 30th of July, 1864, was fought the battle of the Crater, before Petersburg, and this proved another sad reverse to our arms. In the fight of the 17th and 18th of June, the 9th Corps pushed forward to within one hundred and thirty yards of the Confederate main entrenchments, and threw up breastworks that were afterwards made very strong.

A portion of this line was directly opposite a rebel fort, which was known as Elliot's Salient, on the Confederates' front. Colonel Pleasants of the 48th Pennsylvania was a mining engineer from the coal fields of that State, and most of his men were miners. He thought it feasible to run a mine under this fort of the enemy, and to blow it up. He told his plan to General Burnside, the Commander of the 9th Corps, and the General approved it.

The mine was completed about the 25th of July and was charged with 8,000 pounds of powder. General Burnside's plan was to explode the mine in the early morning, and then one division was to charge over the open space made by the explosion, wheel to the right and to the

left, and clear the rebel works as far as they could. The next division was to go straight through the gap, and to advance to a ridge some three hundred yards in rear of the enemy's main line, and be reinforced as rapidly as possible by other troops. General Meade opposed this plan and referred it to General Grant, who agreed with him that the advanced division should move right forward to the crest, and orders were given accordingly. The 1st Division, under command of General Ledley, composed of two brigades commanded by General Bartlett, and Colonel Marshall of the 14th New York Heavy Artillery, was selected as the leading division.

On the evening of July 29, this division was ordered to fall in, and at 12 o'clock, midnight, we marched to our position immediately in front of the fort that was to be blown up. We remained here till five o'clock in the morning, when the mine was exploded. It was a terrible sight which I shall never forget. Great masses of earth, gun carriages and men were blown some thirty feet into the air, with a noise from the explosion that was deafening. The order to charge was given.

and the two brigades sprang forward and were soon in what is now called the Crater, a great hole some twenty feet deep and two hundred by one hundred feet across. Many dead Confederates were lying about, some of them half covered with the debris. In fact, there was nothing but a leg or arm here and there to show that under the earth were the remainder of the bodies of men.

Our troops were considerably broken up by the charge, but we pressed forward and captured some hundred prisoners. Then the commanding officers got their men together, and a line was endeavored to be formed to charge the crest. By this time the enemy had recovered from their surprise and fright, and from their works to the right and left poured volleys into the backs of our men. This was more than any troops could stand, and our men fell back to the Crater.

General Bartlett ordered me to collect the men and place them on the crest of the Crater, and to fire on any of the enemy that showed themselves. This I did, but the enemy had begun to use their artillery, and poured grape and canister into us, killing and wounding many. Our

men, when shot, would roll to the bottom of the pit, and there dead and dying lay in a horrible pile. Soon other divisions commenced to advance from our works, and to make the attempt of gaining the crest of the hill in the Confederate's rear, but were not successful.

The fight continued till two o'clock in the afternoon. The enemy made two or three unsuccessful charges on our position, but were repulsed each time. They, however, moved close up to us, so close that for half an hour before their last charge, the Confederate flag was waving within twenty feet from where one hundred and fifty of us were lying under cover of the crest of the Crater. Then from the rear, a whole division of them (Mahone's) in a long line swept down and over us, and occupied their former line. We were told to go to the rear and report, and this we did. General Bartlett had his cork leg shattered by a shot, and he went off the field with one arm around my neck and the other around the neck of Lieutenant Reed of the 57th Massachusetts.

Our loss in this fight was severe. Every commanding officer of the different regiments

of our brigade was either killed, wounded or taken prisoner. That night we slept in an open field near Petersburg, and the next morning were put in box cars and taken to Danville.

The battle of the Crater was a great disaster to the Union side. Our men fought bravely, but one curious thing about it was the absence of officers of high rank; even the Division Commanders allowed their commands to go in, while they remained behind in our own entrenchments and sent their orders out to their Brigade Commanders to do what was impossible for any troops to do. The 5th and 18th Corps, which were on the right and left of the 9th, took no part in the fight, although those in the 5th Corps could see the rebel troops when they were withdrawn from their front and marched to the right, where the fighting was going on.

My opinion is, that if General Burnside had been allowed to carry out his plan of clearing the enemy's works to the right and left of the Crater before making the charge on Cemetery Hill, the result would have been different.

I was captured with General Bartlett, on this my twenty-third birthday, and was taken with some hundred other captured officers to Columbia, South Carolina, where we were put into the county jail, and had a very severe experience. The jail was filthy, our food was disgusting, and as I look back on those weary days, I wonder how we all stood the treatment as well as we did. There was much sickness; our thoughts were all for exchange or escape, and many were the plans made for the latter.

A number succeeded at various times in getting away, but about nine out of every ten were recaptured and brought back. In January, when Sherman advanced on Columbia, the Confederate authorities, to prevent our falling into his hands, sent us to Charlotte, North Carolina.

Here we were placed in a field, with a line of sentries around the camp. One dark night, a fellow-prisoner, Captain Hoppin of the 2d Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, and I crawled into a ditch that ran between the sentries down into a swamp. We passed the sentries without their seeing us, and floundered about in this wooded

swamp, where the mud and water came above our knees, till we at last reached the railroad, which ran west out of Charlotte. Then our travelling was easy, and we pushed on some ten miles until we saw the day breaking in the east, and were warned that we must find some place in which we might hide.

We left the railroad, and travelled off into an old field that evidently had run out and was too poor to cultivate, hid ourselves in a low clump of trees and bushes, and began our first meal since our freedom. We had left the prison with one loaf of bread and six raw onions, and we munched on them and felt less hungry, but hardly satisfied. During the day we heard negroes in the woods near us chopping wood and singing, and we determined that as soon as night came we would find them and get them to help us on to where we might once more be under the old flag.

As soon as it was dark we started, and after stumbling along over broken ground covered with old stumps for about a mile, suddenly came upon a negro cabin, which we could plainly see by the light from the window. We did not hesi-

tate, but walked right up to the door and knocked. A negro man came to the door; we told him we were escaped prisoners, that we were hungry and wanted something to eat; that Sherman would soon be along that way, and that we wanted him to hide us till Sherman came.

The man asked us in, gave us some bread and sweet potatoes, and said he would be glad to hide us, but that he was afraid, as there were many of the white people near him who might find us, and if they did, it would go hard with him. After talking with him for some time, he agreed to go with us to a plantation some five miles away, where he said he thought we might hide, as there was no white man on the place, and that the colored people would do what they could for us. We joyfully accepted his offer, and after walking about five miles arrived at the place, and were hid in an old house used for storing corn fodder. This house had been occupied by the overseer, who had been murdered in it, and it had the reputation of being haunted, so that no one would live in it and it was fast tumbling to pieces. It was built on the corner of two country roads,

and we were hid in the attic of it for some six days; we kept very close during the daytime, but at night we would go out, and go down to a brook near by and wash our faces and hands. Someone of the darkeys would come to us every evening and bring us something to eat, and sometimes a newspaper that would tell us of the movements of Sherman's army. As soon as we found that Sherman had marched to the east of us in the direction of Raleigh, and that Beauregard's army was between us and Sherman, we decided that the thing for us to do was to start west and try to find General Thomas's army, then marching through East Tennessee for Lynchburg.

I shall never forget the beauties of the mountain laurel, then in full bloom, nor the clear refreshing water bubbling from the mountain springs, so different from the tepid, tasteless fluid furnished us in the Southern prisons.

This trip took us over the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains. We crossed Mt. Mitchell and a spur of Bald Mountain, and found our pickets at Greenville, East Tennessee, on the 28th of March, 1865, five weeks from the time we

made our escape. We were very ragged and dirty, still having on the clothes we were captured in seven months before.

Our escape from Charlotte was on Sunday, the 19th of February. I had a small pocket diary with me, and I find the following short entries of each day we were making our escape:—

Monday, Feb. 20, 1865.

We made only six miles last night. Hid during the day in a ravine about a mile from the railroad. Decided to push for Providence and wait there for Sherman.

Tuesday, Feb. 21, 1865.

We crossed Sugar Creek last night and reached Kilpatrick's plantation, where the darkeys gave us a supper and piloted us to Laura Ross's plantation, where we hid in a deserted house.

Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1865.

We laid in the woods day and night. We intended to start for Cheraw at dusk, but our negro guides disappointed us.

Thursday, Feb. 23, 1865.

We passed the day in the haunted house and the night in a negro cabin. Could see from our hiding place the

planters running away their slaves and stock to prevent their falling into the hands of General Sherman.

Saturday, Feb. 25, 1865.

Wet, stormy and cold. Suffering very much from the horrid weather. Passed the day hid in the attic of the haunted house and the night in a negro cabin.

Sunday, Feb. 26, 1865.

Weather cleared at noon much to our delight. Heard that Sherman's men arrived at Lancaster last night, driving out the rebel pickets.

Monday, Feb. 27, 1865.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Sherman. Negroes report the white people terribly frightened.

Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1865.

We passed the day in the haunted house. It looks now as if Sherman would pass east of Charlotte, and that we must follow him. Have seen squads of rebel cavalry today passing our hiding place. They are ragged and dirty, some of them mounted on mules. Raining again.

Wednesday, March 1, 1865.

Cold rain. At noon black Saul came running to us with the news, which afterwards proved to be false, that we had been betrayed and that the white people were com-

ing for us, and that we must run. Took to the woods where we remained till dark, wet and cold, and dreading return to captivity.

Thursday, March 2, 1865.

In our hiding place in the attic of the haunted house. The rebel quartermaster, with a squad of soldiers, backed his teams up to the house today, and loaded up with the corn fodder stored on the first floor. We feared every moment that his men would come into the attic and find us, but they did not.

Friday, March 3, 1865.

Still storming. The roads are in a terrible condition, and travelling is almost impossible. Took supper with free Bob.

Saturday, March 4, 1865.

Raining. We have given up the idea of Sherman's coming this way, and have decided to start for Munroe, where we hear he is.

Sunday, March 5, 1865.

Started for Munroe last night, but when we got within twelve miles of it, heard through the negroes that Sherman's troops had evacuated it, and that the country was full of rebel soldiers. Started back, but crept into a shuck

house towards morning and got a short nap. Made for the woods just before daybreak and hid during day.

Monday, March 6, 1865.

Started back for our haunted house at dusk, and reached it before day. Weather clearing.

Tuesday, March 7, 1865.

Talked with Captain Hoppin about what was best to be done. The rebel army seems to be between us and Sherman, and we have about decided that our best plan is to start west and try to join General Thomas's army, which we hear is at Greenville, Tenn. We have found a colored boy, who says he will show us the way as far as King's Mountain, and that we can get a guide there.

Wednesday, March 8, 1865.

Raining again. Had day been fine we should have started for Tennessee, but it is no use starting in such terrible weather.

Thursday, March 9, 1865.

Started for Greenville at night, but found Sugar Creek so swollen that we could not cross and so had to return to Ross's. Weather clearing.

Saturday, March 11, 1865.

Hid in haunted house all day and night. Weather clear and cold.

Sunday, March 12, 1865.

Started again for East Tennessee. Crossed little Sugar Creek, and towards morning came to Boyce's plantation, where a negro hid us in a shuck house and brought us some bread and sweet potatoes.

Monday, March 13, 1865.

At dusk started for Catawba River. Found rebel sentries on bridge, but our negro guide took us down the river a mile, stole a rowboat in which we crossed to the west side just before day, and then went to Dr. McClain's negro quarters and hid.

Tuesday, March 14, 1865.

Laid by during the day in a shuck house. At dark started again, and struck for King's Mountain, going as far as Henry Johnson's plantation, fourteen miles.

Wednesday, March 15, 1865.

Left Henry Johnson's at dusk, and by daylight reached Ore Mine on the further side of King's Mountain. A hard tramp.

Thursday, March 16, 1865.

Feel tired out. Hid in a deserted cabin during the day. At night our guide took us to Mrs. Mayfair, a poor white woman, half demented, only one room in the house, served for kitchen, sitting-room and bedroom. Captain Hoppin and I in one bed, Mrs. Mayfair in the other. Slept like tops.

Friday, March 17, 1865.

Passed the day in a pine grove. Started in the evening for Rutherfordton with our guide, and made twenty-six miles by daylight. The first pleasant day this week.

Saturday, March 18, 1865.

Started at dusk and had a hard march of sixteen miles to Rutherfordton. Lost our way and laid by in the woods till Sunday night.

Sunday, March 19, 1865.

We made but five miles tonight, stopping at negro Jim's house. Slept in a corn-shuck house. Feel pretty well used up.

Monday, March 20, 1865.

Hid in the woods during the day. During the night made Anderson's, a white man. There we were taken good care of till Tuesday night.

Tuesday, March 21, 1865.

Stayed with Anderson during day. At dark started again and made Sam Elliot's house where we put up.

Wednesday, March 22, 1865.

Started from Elliot's at 9 A.M., and crossed Meady Patch Mountain. Went as far as Bert Murphy's, where we put up. A Confederate deserter joined us, and is going through to Greenville with us.

Thursday, March 23, 1865.

Left Murphy's at 7 A.M., went as far as Swananoa settlement, and then hid in the woods till dark, when we started again and walked to the foot of Black Mountain, where we camped. Light snow. We are ten miles north of Asheville.

Friday, March 24, 1865.

Started at 7 this morning, and went over Black Mountain, six miles to top and down on the other side six miles to Tom Wilson's, where we passed the night. Hardest day's tramp yet.

Saturday, March 25, 1865.

Left Tom Wilson's at 9 A.M., and travelled fifteen miles to Hugh McIntosh's, where we put up. Came very near being captured today by a squad of rebel cavalry, known as Teag's Detail.

Sunday, March 26, 1865.

Left McIntosh's early this morning, and crossing a spur of the Bald Mountain, passed through Indian Creek Settlement into Laurel, where we passed the night.

Monday, March 27, 1865.

Left Laurel in the morning and crossed Bird's Bridge, arrived within two miles of Greenville at 11 P.M., and then, thinking it prudent not to be stopped by a picket in the dark, went into the woods and passed the remainder of the night there.

Tuesday, March 28, 1865.

This morning, after a short walk, struck our pickets just outside Greenville. Took breakfast with Major Reeves of a Union Tennessee regiment. We are again under the old flag. God be praised.

We received a leave of absence of thirty days to recruit in, and at the end of that time, Richmond was captured, General Lee had surrendered, the war was at an end and I resigned my commission as Captain and Assistant-Adjutant General, United States Volunteers, and thus ended my army life.

I add here a copy of a letter from General Bartlett to Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, which gave me a commission as Brevet Major.

Official Copy — Date Dec. 28, 1897.

BOSTON, Oct. 3, 1865.

To the HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

Sir: I desire to recommend most earnestly and particularly, that a brevet be conferred on Captain Chas. B. Amory, late A.A.-G., U.S. Vols. (son of Jonathan Amory, Esq., of this city), for distinguished gallantry at the explosion of the mine in front of Petersburg, July 30, 1864. His conduct on that day was gallant in the extreme, and his services of the greatest value in rallying the broken troops after I was disabled. He has lately been mustered out upon his resignation after his return from imprisonment. I most respectfully request that the brevet of Major date from that day, July 30, 1864.

Very respectfully,

Your obd. svt.,

W. F. BARTLETT,
Brevet Major-Gen., U.S. V.

Indorsement.

Approved.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY U.S.,
Oct. 10, 1865.

The following is a list of the officers of the Twenty-fourth Regiment at the time of leaving the State for the seat of war, and is taken from the report of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts for the year ending Dec. 31, 1861.

FIELD AND STAFF.

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Colonel | THOMAS G. STEVENSON, Boston. |
| Lieutenant-Colonel . . | FRANCIS A. OSBORN, Boston. |
| Major | ROBERT H. STEVENSON. |
| Adjutant | JOHN F. ANDERSON, Boston. |
| Quartermaster | WILLIAM V. HUTCHINGS, Boston. |
| Surgeon | SAMUEL A. GREEN, Boston. |
| Assistant Surgeon . . . | HALL CURTIS, Boston. |
| Chaplain | W. R. G. MELLEN, Gloucester. |
| Sergeant-Major | F. W. LORING, Boston. |
| Quartermaster-Sergeant, | JAMES THOMPSON. |
| Commissary Sergeant, | P. E. WHEELER. |
| Hospital Steward . . . | JOHN H. MCGREGOR. |
| Wardmaster | BENJAMIN H. MANN. |
| Bandmaster | P. S. GILMORE. |

CAPTAINS.

CHARLES H. HOOPER, Boston.
WILLIAM F. REDDING, Boston.
EDWARD C. RICHARDSON, Boston.
JOHN C. MAKER, Boston.
JOHN T. PRINCE, Jr., Boston.
GEORGE F. AUSTIN, Salem.
ROBERT F. CLARK, Boston.
J. LEWIS STACKPOLE, Cambridge.
JOHN DALAND, Salem.
WILLIAM PRATT, Boston.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

GEORGE W. GARDNER, Salem.
CHARLES B. AMORY, West Roxbury.
JAMES B. BELL, Cambridge.
CHARLES A. FOLSOM, Boston.
JAMES B. NICHOLS, Salem.
JOHN N. PARTRIDGE, Boston.
ALBERT ORDWAY, Cambridge.
JAMES A. PERKINS, Boston.
JAMES H. TURNER, Boston.
MASON A. REA, Boston.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

WILLIAM L. HORTON, Roxbury.

THOMAS F. EDMANDS, Boston.

JOHN C. JONES, Jr., West Roxbury.

NATHANIEL S. BARSTOW, Boston.

DANIEL T. SARGENT, Boston.

CHARLES G. WARD, Boston.

THOMAS M. SWEET, Boston.

JAMES M. BARNARD, Boston.

HORATIO D. JARVIS, Boston.

DEMING JARVES, Jr., Boston.

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